

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 168.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1855.

VOL. VII. No. 12.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2,50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "
" GEORGE P. REED & CO., 18 Tremont Row, "
" A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.
" C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York.
" SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 709 Broadway, "
" GEORGE DUTTON, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.
" G. ANDRE & CO., 19 South Ninth St. Philadelphia.
" JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburg, Pa.
" MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St. Baltimore.
" COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.
" HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.

Translated for this Journal.

Beethoven's Symphonies.

BY "A FRIEND OF ART."

From the German.

(Continued from last week.)

In the Fifth Symphony, in C minor (67th work), BEETHOVEN strikes quite other, higher chords. This symphony has always been regarded with peculiar fondness and even as the *ne plus ultra* of symphonic art by those Beethovenists, to whom the last symphony of the master has remained more or less a riddle, and who have recognized in Beethoven chiefly the sorrow-smitten, struggling genius, attaining to joy and cheerfulness only through grief, while they have not enough appreciated the pure serenity and joyfulness with which he is filled in the seventh and eighth symphonies. In fact this work exerts an infinitely magical influence over those, who have just for the first time reached the outer threshold of the Beethoven sanctuary. This magical effect is owing partly to the pregnant and pronounced tone-pictures, and partly to the sharply separated contrasts in which the work moves. If you take the first movement of this symphony and compare it with the same in the *Eroica*, you perceive at once the epigrammatic shortness (so to say) of the former, the simplicity of its thoughts, as opposed to the broad, extended treatment and the involved periodic structure of the latter. The contrasts of light and shadow in the fifth are much bolder than in the third. Moreover about no work of Beethoven has there been so much poetizing, as about this; think only of Hoffmann's *Phantasie-stücke*.

But let us approach this tone-creation more nearly. As the ideal subject of the work we may designate the struggle of the human soul to escape the narrowing limits of pain and sorrow

and attain to inward joy and cheerfulness. This struggle is announced to us in the first movement. How significant already the first tones, of which Beethoven thoughtfully has said "So knocks Fate at the door!" It goes on developing in true dramatic course, in painful conflict, the soul is filled with deepest woe, is in a state of veritable wretchedness, dismay and anguish get possession of the feelings; now the soul seems to succumb to these nocturnal demons, to sink exhausted in the battle; and now it gathers itself up again, giving utterance in violent spasms to its pain, and approaching nearer and nearer to the goal of absolute despair. But through this night there sounds from time to time a soothing, mildly reconciling voice—the second leading theme—as if to intimate that even this night is not wholly inconsolable. Still pain and sorrow constantly regain the upper hand, until toward the close they fill the agitated soul exclusively and with an increased power. In painful conflict the movement began, in painful conflict it concludes.

Then resound in the second movement the sweet tones of consoling hope, and quicken the soul that has been steeped in woe. What repose, what soul-kindling consecration reside in this first theme! What a healing, strengthening spell it works in the shattered soul, which presently, in the second theme rises to inspired courage, to joyful presentiment of success. These moods of all-consoling hope and of inspired and joyous courage fill alternately this wonderful piece of music; these compose its ideal subject-matter. Words are too precise and limited to afford any further indication of the soul's mysteries, which are here unveiled to us; one shrinks from trying to give intelligible expression to this magic, for "feeling is all." Let me simply allude to the transporting and celestial passage where the key of A flat minor enters; to the swelling gush of sweetest feelings near the close, to the impetuous fervor of the 22d and 23d bars before the end.

In the Third Movement, the Scherzo, the soul seems beclouded anew; but these are not those demons of the first movement, that are busy here; they are rather shadowy cloud shapes, which get possession once more of the soul already filled with hope and courage. The soul is once more spell-bound in a state of inward misery and discontent, from which it seeks in an infinitely humorous way to free itself. And the attempt succeeds. Toward the conclusion the composer struggles in a most magnificent musical climax out of the gloomy C minor into the full light of C major, and in a splendid triumphal march announces the achieved bliss of a cheerful, glad existence. Indeed in this concluding movement a whole world-sea of tones spreads out, the

waves of the most blissful joy are heaving and sinking, an inexhaustible ocean of delight. But the characteristic of this joy world is, that it is not one immediately found and given us, not one created out of our subjective will or humor; but it is a joy wrestled for and won through the deepest conflict of the soul, a joy born in sorrow, a moral fruit of suffering. But so hot was the preceding battle with sorrow, so deep the traces it has left in the soul, that even in the jubilee of joy there mingles yet again an echo of that misery,—sounds from the third movement in 3-4 measure—but only to betray its utter impotence, for instantly the joyous jubilation is begun anew, and with the entrance of that theme in the forty-third bar before the beginning of the Presto,—a theme that breathes the most cheerful consciousness of victory,—the soul seems to swim in indisturbable fulness of enjoyment and revels near the close in ever swelling floods of dithyrambic inspiration.

This is the ideal substance of this mighty tone-poem, so far as weak works have power to express it, so far as it is possible to utter the unutterable. After Beethoven in the Fifth Symphony had lifted himself by hard conflict out of the depths of sorrow into a cheerful region, into the realm of bliss and rapture, he lingered some time in this paradise, and in this state of mind composed the sixth, seventh and eighth symphonies, those ideal pictures of purest serenity and joy, until in the ninth symphony he succeeded in reaching a yet higher paradise, not to be won however but by conflict and by suffering as before.

In the Sixth Symphony, (F major, 68th work), Beethoven fills the sphere of absolute music with a new element. It is the life of *Nature* which environs Man, that forms the ideal unity and ground work of this tone-creation; hence its name, "Pastoral Symphony." But it is no soulless copy of the phenomena of Nature, no unpoetic material tone-painting, that Beethoven gives; it is a real poetic representation of the idea of Nature in the first place; and then the feelings and emotions, which possess man when he contemplates and loses himself in this world; but above all the representation of Nature as reflected in human feeling, of Nature, so to say, transfigured in the human image; that is to say, not literal, naked Nature, but Nature reborn in the human spirit. Instead, therefore, of a mass of separate natural phenomena, we have an intellectually condensed picture of the most general life of Nature; and only in the second and third movements of the work are some single, definite phenomena of Nature introduced; but here too Beethoven does not lose himself in sen-

suous materialism, he only gives the spiritual quintessence.

Thus in the First Movement, as he says himself in the superscription, he represents the awakening of cheerful emotions on arriving in the country. He does not describe to us the fields and meadows, the ploughers and the reapers; he only depicts the mood of feeling with which the citizen comes longingly and joyfully home to rural life. HAYDN, as FRANZ BRENDL says, is very beautiful, the child of Nature himself, who has grown up in intimate relationship with Nature, a part of her; but Beethoven is the man of the city, who consciously resigns himself to Nature's life. It is the mood, so strikingly indicated in GOETHE'S "Faust":

Forth from the arch'd and gloomy gate
The multitude, in bright array,
Stream forth, and seek the sun's warm ray!
Their risen Lord they celebrate,
For they themselves have also risen to-day!
From the mean tenement, the sordid room,
From roofs' and gables' overhanging gloom,
From the close pressure of the narrow street,
They've issued now from darkness into light.

This ground tone of feeling the composer pursues into the finest *nuances* and portrays it in the richest and most various play of colors; if in the outset the soul seems mainly moved by silent joyfulness, yet presently it begins to breathe with perfect freedom, to exult aloud, and revel soon in the most glad and merry waves, till at the end of the movement it returns again to tranquil, musing, pensive cheerfulness, for now the clear and quiet brook is rippling sweetly near.

The Second Movement Beethoven has characterized as the scene by the brook. This is decidedly a definite natural image, and accordingly the music assumes a more determinate and individual coloring. We perceive the wavy motion of the brook, we listen to the sweet voices of the birds in the woods; nay, finally the sound of the water is entirely silenced, and we only hear the song of lark, cuckoo and nightingale. This is "tone-painting." Certainly, but so far from being a soulless, material copy, it is the most soulful, most naïve, ideal expression of a particular phenomenon of natural life. It is a fact not without significance, that these living, natural voices first appear distinctly only at the close of the piece; so far from being a product of the mere arbitrary will and fancy of the poet, these "tricks," as some are pleased to call them, appear rather as the necessary last result of the ideal development of this movement; they extricate themselves from the more or less diluted tone-pictures—we do not use the epithet in a disparaging sense—which lend ideal expression to the life of the brook and forest, detach themselves therefrom, and represent this side of Nature's life in the most sensuous accuracy and directness, revealing the steadfast striving of Beethoven after the utmost possible definiteness of expression.

In the Third Movement Beethoven describes the merry meeting of the country people in the most original manner and in the most speaking outlines, so that here all poetic commentary were superfluous. But soon this joyous festival is interrupted by an approaching thunderstorm, and now the masses of tone as they whirl onward and spread out upon the grandest scale announce the spectacle of the unchained energies of Nature, the rolling thunder, the howling storm and the flashing lightning. But presently the angry

chaos is quieted, the sky is cleared, the setting sun shines forth, the herdsmen's horns resound, and in every creature are excited "glad and grateful feelings after the storm." To these emotions Beethoven gives expression in the last Movement. As in the first movement, these feelings are at first gently stirred; but soon again the heaving waves of heart-felt joy expand in the most inexhaustible fullness, and with the most various individuality, until at the end all is blended in the feeling of sincerest gratitude to the Creator, and the work concludes in a devout and holy mood. So Beethoven reproduced Nature and her thousand living voices in the poetry of tones.

(Conclusion next week.)

Malibran and Mendelssohn.

From Novello's Musical Times.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—As one of the fashionable novels of the day draws public interest towards the subject of a distinguished musical celebrity, his extraordinary genius, his charm of person and manner, his marvel of pianoforte playing, I have thought the following anecdote might not be unacceptable just now, as showing how little the absolute realities in delight of Art-life are transcended by even the most florid imaginings of Art-romance.

It was once my fortune to be present on an occasion, which "Charles Auchester's" highest flight of rapturously described scene could not surpass in profound gratification, although very quietly enjoyed.

At an English professor's house in London, a few friends were once assembled, after the soberer mode of a past day—when an evening's artistic and social pleasure was more the object than stylish party-giving, and when sterling music proved the staple of the entertainment, rather than supplementary footmen, plate and glass for the nonce, with unwonted exotics and ices. The guests were told that Maria Malibran De Beriot and her husband had promised to come; and that Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was also expected.

In the meantime, those already arrived—most of whom were musicians, and either played or sang—joined their host in performing some of their favorite pieces, vocal and instrumental, as the fancy of the moment prompted. During an interval, when conversation had succeeded to a trio of Beethoven's, one of the host's children (just such an infant fanatic as the boy "Auchester" defines himself) being on the eager ear-watch, heard the sound of an arrival, and crept to the stair-head, in hope of catching the first glimpse of the coming glory. Peeping through the banisters the child beheld a lady who had just thrown off a hood, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman, who turned, as he prepared to ascend, saying to those who waited to know at what hour the carriage should come:—"Half-past ten." "Ten, Charles! Oh, pray tell them ten! These musical evenings,—these parties, are so —."

The arch movement of the flexible eye-brow, the petulant curve of the mobile lip, the slight though significant emphasis on the word "parties," and above all the tedium expressed in the cadence of her voice as she paused, sufficiently supplied the unuttered epithet.

She came on, with her radiant face, full in the light of the staircase lamp, and of the opened drawing-room door; and then, as she entered, a burst of greeting welcomed her, and she was in an instant surrounded by admiring acquaintance, who led her into the farther drawing-room, where the music was going on.

With her own grace of courtesy, she offered to sing, knowing her host's delicacy would not allow him to propose it; and when she asked him to choose her song, he mentioned the one she had the day before given at the Philharmonic concert—Mozart's "Non più di fiori."

She had scarcely begun that delicious strain of ineffable regret, when a young man of slender

figure, but of irresistibly striking presence, came gently in, and placing his finger on his lip, dropped into the nearest chair, merely exchanging a silent shake of the hand with the mistress of the house.

Entranced and spell-bound while the aria continued,—at its close, all the company in the room where she was, drew round the singer, with animated looks and words of thanks.

Still, the last-entered guest kept his seat quietly, just within the folding doorway which divided the two drawing-rooms, signing to the lady of the house to say nothing of his arrival to the host. To the latter, Malibran had just turned with her beaming look, and said:—"My dear Mr. —, I want to sing one of your compositions. Are there none here?" One was found—a "Sancta Maria"—which she hastily looked over, and then sang. With such intuition of what the right expression should be—with such devotional fervor, with such anticipative truth of conception in her rendering each passage, as only genius itself can inspire, did she execute this motet, which she had assuredly never seen before that night. The composer's delighted praises, her auditors' irrepressible plaudits, excited her; and she sat down to the instrument herself. First she touched all hearts with the tender sweetness of a little French air, with words as appealing as its melody; and then she suddenly struck into a lively mariner ballad, with a burden all jocund and free.

In the midst of the tumult of laudation that followed, De Beriot stepped to her side in his calm way, and whispered something in her ear.

She started up. "Mendelssohn here!" she exclaimed, with a whole flood of sunshine smiles pouring over her countenance, making it one glow of bright color—I never saw a face speak its gladness in such candor of vivid suffusion as her's did, upon any sudden emotion—and then she ran into the next room, to meet him. In another moment, he was the centre of a welcoming crowd. He rose to salute his friends, and join his thanks with theirs for what she had just heard. "Ah! you were pleased?" she said, with her touch of foreign accent, and cordial voice. "Now, my dear Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; and therefore you must come and play for me." She seized his arm, in her sportive eager way, and drew him over to the instrument.

Then came the wonder. He ran his fingers over the keys, and launched into one of his masterly improvisations. First he introduced the divine beauty of Mozart's impassioned aria.—Then, with solemn measure, stole in the holy purity of the "Sancta Maria;" then came the phrase full of loving earnestness, and voluptuous ardor: "Ah! rien n'est doux comme la voix qui dit je t'aime;" then burst in, with frolic gaiety, the sailor's ringing cry; and lastly, triumph of triumphs—he worked the four subjects together.

The torrent of eulogy that succeeded, warmed every one into a state of excitement that nothing could satisfy but more and more music. Piece followed piece, one still bringing on another. De Beriot played a fantasia with his own incomparable skill; a rare combination of fire, and of exquisite softness; of impulse, vigor, and admirable firmness, and a richness yet delicacy of tone, which to my taste, has never been equalled. Mendelssohn gave us some fugues of Bach; and Malibran sang again and again.

At length she caught her husband's eye, with something of a lurking meaning in its expression, which occasioned her to exclaim, with her sprightly tone, "Ah! It is late?" De Beriot composedly took out his watch, and held it before her.—"Past midnight: Then two hours the carriage has —." The playful smile which sat so well upon that mouth, concluded the sentence. On taking leave, as she grasped both her host's hands in hers, after her own frank winning fashion, she said:—"Thank you for a pleasant time, dear Mr. —. This is what I call a musical evening!"

It was a musical evening which will never be forgotten, while life and memory lasts, by

Your's, Dear Mr. Editor,
"THE YOUNGEST WREN OF NINE."

Bellini Classic.

As we advance in time, and as we become familiar with the followers of Bellini, it really seems that this composer, whose works, during his life, were considered a very marked degradation of the musical genius of his nation, has now risen to such a pitch as to appear almost classic. In fact, the epoch of ROSSINI and BELLINI, compared with the following one of DONIZETTI and VERDI, can actually bear the same classification which, some forty years ago, people gave to the old Italian school, comparing it with the *improprieties* of the *farceur*, Rossini. After such an experience, we should really not wonder if coming times should place even Verdi amongst the classics, and Bellini's style as a rigorous one, unfit for all imitation. In the beautiful field of music and harmony, the last fifteen years have made so many so-called impossibilities very possible, so many plants which were thought entirely unsuitable to the ground have grown and ripened into the most astonishing fruits, that we should not feel at all surprised, another fifteen years hence, to see this very field cultivated by some extraordinary hitherto-unknown means, and producing, with an enormous success (of course, not a miserable *succes d'estime*), musical effects which ordinary beings now consider as just the reverse of music.

Bellini classic! Why not? If simplicity—purity of subject, of conception, and of sentiment are prominent features in a work of classicity, Bellini's music must doubtless appear exceedingly classic to a man who is compelled to witness the efforts of a modern Italian opera troupe. Take all his subjects, even *Norma* included, how simple are they, how far from all that, which is called in a modern sense romantic! Bellini has, in all his operas, very little to rely upon but himself, almost always a calm action, very few opportunities of displaying brilliant sceneries, no decorative points, very few exciting scenes, which have to do the whole work of impression, while the composer adds only a sort of musical drapery; he has nothing but his melodies, the purity of his sentiments, and a sort of musical naïveté, which beautifully reflect his own nature. It is said that Bellini, before he wrote down the music, repeated the words to himself, until they received a musical accent and phrasing, a very reasonable proceeding, and not often used by modern opera-composers. It is most probably on account of this that, whenever the character of the words and the situation in the opera sympathize with his own predilection and nature, he becomes really dramatic, at least as much as an Italian with so little musical knowledge as he had can be; while, if this is not the case, his music appears sometimes unbearable. To illustrate the latter remark, we cite only his *Liberty-duo* in the second act of *I Puritani*, which is as trivial and meaningless as possible. Poor Bellini! what did he care for liberty and independence? His very nature could only develop itself by uniting with other natures, by living in the light of love, friendship, and, perhaps, such feelings as are expressed in *Casta Diva*; and whenever he has to refer to these, he shows truth, ideas—in short, all the resources of his nature. The finale of the first act of *I Puritani* is a striking proof of this. Here, the sentiment of loyalty on the part of Arthur, the love, in its joy and despair, of Elvira, the jealousy of Richard, are all rendered full of life and dramatic truth; and as Bellini, at the time he composed this, his last opera, had made a decided progress in his art, we can not wonder that this finale is the best and most artistic thing he has written. We presume it was on account of this finale that a distinguished musician said the other day: "Whenever I listen to *I Puritani*, I forgive Bellini for having written *Norma*!"—*Mus. Review*.

Debut of Miss Hensler.

[From the New York Times of June 18.]

There was a good attendance at the Academy of Music on Saturday night in spite of the rain—than which nothing is more discouraging to an opera goer. Miss HENSLEER may feel complimen-

ted that she attracted so large an audience with the elements and an off-night against her.

The opera selected for the occasion was DONIZETTI'S "Linda di Chamounix." * * *

On the appearance of the *debutante* the house applauded with encouraging gallantry. Without any perceptible nervousness, Miss HENSLEER commenced the opening scena, and at once enlisted the sympathies of the audience. *O Luce di quest'anima* followed, and was given with fluency and grace, but not otherwise remarkably. The duet with Carlos, *A consolarmi*, was artistically rendered so far as Miss Hensler was concerned, but the clumsy *staccato* of Signor BRIGNOLI did not contribute to its effect. Throughout the first act, Miss Hensler preserved the favorable impression she had created, and was called before the curtain and pelted with bouquets in the most approved manner. In the second and third acts, she felt more at home. There was a perceptible improvement, not only in the quantity of her voice, but in her management of it. The duet with the Marquis, and the final portions of the opera were in all respects, the best efforts of the evening.

The quality of Miss Hensler's voice is sympathetic and sweet. It does not command admiration but beseeches it, and is precisely the voice to strengthen with practice and study. If a conscientious regard be paid to the latter, there can be but little doubt that Miss Hensler will eventually take a high rank among eminent sopranos. Her method is the pure Italian, and so far as it goes, admirable. We should do an injustice to Miss Hensler and to ourselves, were we to imagine for a moment that her studies are ended. In the delivery of her voice and in fluent phrasing she has much to learn. On the other hand, she has no mannerism which it would be desirable to forget. What she does now is but a promise of what she will be able to do hereafter. At present, a quiet neatness of style, correct intonation, and a charmingly sweet voice are the characteristics of her singing. The compass of her voice we should take to be about two octaves and a note or two over, of good soprano quality. The lower notes are deficient in roundness and sonority; the upper ones clear and delicious. The register is smooth and well connected throughout. In personal appearance Miss Hensler is young and interesting. Her deportment on the stage might be materially improved without losing any of its attractive modesty. In a dramatic point of view Miss Hensler has everything to learn. To sum up, Miss Hensler has a delightful voice and some skill, but she needs more practice before she can do full justice either to the former or the latter. Her *début* was triumphantly successful—sufficiently so, we hope, to secure her an engagement for next season. Three or four months' hard work before a critical audience would do her immense service.

The criticisms in the other New York papers are quite in harmony with the above. We will only add a portion of the remarks of W. H. FRY in the *Tribune*:

"The puritanic antecedents of Boston are in striking contrast with the facts it has lately shown in the musical line. Several native-born Boston amateurs of music are now in Italy studying; Mrs. Biscaccianti too is known to operatic fame; Mr. Charles C. Perkins, besides, lately produced a Cantata or Oratorio; another, we hear, is engaged on an opera—and Miss Hensler, if considered also of that latitude, is yet a fresh evidence of the changes which have taken place there in the arts.

Miss Hensler has a sweet, frank, ingenuous, expressive face, a dark, sympathetic eye, and considering her opportunities, exhibited talent in dramatic action. Her figure is of moderate height, her age about nineteen—so she has ample time for culture and improvement. Her voice is a high soprano—capable of rendering such parts as that of Linda in which she appeared. Positively soprano voices have seldom or ever very great body, but their compensations lie in delicacy and flexibility. Hence Miss Hensler's voice, though not massive, is pure and agile, and commanding high notes readily, is easily heard throughout the theatre. It is proper to add that

she was warmly applauded by a numerous auditory, and called for eagerly at the close of the performance."

Max Maretzek.

The popular Conductor, "hero of nineteen opera campaigns," &c. &c., took his benefit at the New York Academy of Music, Monday night. The *Times* improved the occasion to give the following sketch of his career.

The vicissitudes of Mr. MARETZEK'S career afford a striking illustration of the mutability of human riches, and the utter vanity of all earthly glory. Seven years ago he landed in America with nothing but talent and a wooden *bâton*. To-day he has nothing but talent and a wooden *bâton*. In the interval he has made and lost several fortunes. We find him conducting the opera for Mr. FRY in 1848; commencing for himself in 1849; progressing rapidly to fortune in 1850; tumbling down suddenly in 1851; and from that time to the present making and losing money with strange rapidity and *nonchalance*. For seven years he has been the hard working propagandist of the Italian Opera. He has done all the work; received all the kicks; made all the enemies; and conferred all the benefits of the lyric muse. In return for this, he is Musical Director of the Academy and has a benefit to-night. Rather hard in a worldly, but highly beautiful in a moral point of view.

It may not be inappropriate on this occasion, and certainly will not be uninteresting, to refer to some of the New York campaigns of Mr. Maretzek. It will be seen that the artistes engaged by him were not of third or fourth rate class; and that really to Mr. Maretzek New York is indebted for much of its best musical education.

In the autumn of 1849, Maretzek gave a series of fifty performances at Astor-place, with TRUFFI, BERTUCCA, FORTI, BENEDETTI, BENEVENTANO, and NOVELLI. It was carried through successfully. In 1850 he gave another series of fifty performances, with PARODI, as well as the other artistes. In the Spring of 1851, he commenced a season of sixty nights at Castle Garden, with BOSIO, TRUFFI, SALVI, BETTINI, BADIALI, MARINI, BENEVENTANO, and COLETTI. This great company performed at fifty cents admission only. The season and its promises were carried out fully, but in doing so Maretzek lost \$20,000. The next year he tried another campaign in Astor place, with STEFFENONE, BOSIO, BETTINI, and most of the others. This was recuperative—so much so that a fresh season was commenced early in the Spring. But in the meantime an opposition sprang up at a rival house. The result was that both Companies were utterly ruined, after a brilliant but erratic career. Maretzek, with the remains of his Company and an orchestra consisting of three performers, (including musical director,) left for Mexico. After an absence of eight months, he returned and commenced another season at Castle Garden, (1853,) with SONTAG, STEFFENONE, SALVI, POZZOLINI, BADIALI, BENEVENTANO, MARINI and ROSSI. This season was successfully carried out, and another undertaken at NIBLO'S, with STEFFENONE, SALVI and others. It was to have been fifty nights long, but terminated on the forty-ninth in consequence of a difficulty with SALVI. Our readers will remember the interesting and exceedingly abusive correspondence which took place at the time. Last year Max Maretzek went to Europe and returned with BERALDI, GRAZIANI, GOMEZ and others. These artistes performed thirty-six nights at Castle Garden. The season was unsuccessful, and terminated in vexatious losses to every one. Since this, the Academy has possessed Mr. Maretzek. In the course of these campaigns sixteen new operas have been introduced to the public, in addition to those of the customary repertoires and a number of revivals. Something worth remembering, surely.

THE BRONZE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN.—The *Advertiser* publishes a couple of letters from

Munich, on occasion of the exhibition of Crawford's noble statue there at the festival commemorative of Beethoven's death. The first of these, describing the festival, we have already given substantially. The other, addressed to Mr. PERKINS, is from the distinguished composer and Royal Music Director of the King of Bavaria, Herr FRANZ LACHNER (not SWEHNER, as the *Advertiser* has it), and is as follows:

MUNICH, March 31, 1855.

The common feeling and reverence for Art and the masters of Art which exists on both sides of the ocean, among the cultivated nations of the New and the Old World, is a tie which unites them although separated from each other by space, in customs and social forms. That reverence for Beethoven, greatest of all the composers of our country, which has so long lived in all the music-loving hearts of his native Europe, is now participated in by a great and noble people beyond the ocean. The Beethoven will soon stand in Boston, as a visible and speaking proof of the noble community of thought existing between the two continents. Munich, highly esteemed as the starting point of modern Art, has given being to this monument, so grandly modeled by one of the most gifted artists of America. The musical community of our city took occasion of the completion of this monument, to give a musical fête in memory of the great master on the anniversary of his death. (He died, as all the world knows, on the 26th of March, 1827.) Confident of your cordial sympathy, they placed it in the Concert Hall. The king, the members of the Royal family, and a select and numerous audience assembled on this glorious occasion. Constant applause during the whole evening showed the deep sympathy of the inhabitants of Munich in this celebration, the memory of which will long live in a thousand hearts. You will see by the enclosed programme what works were selected for performance at this admirable concert. The prologue which accompanies it will express to you the sentiments of the listeners. And now receive from me the well-deserved thanks of all German artists and Art lovers, which you and Crawford have so well won by the creation and erection of this noble monument. May this bronze image of the great composer take with it across the ocean as a great blessing, the power to preserve and spread among you the love of classical music, so that the art of music, in its deepest and truest meaning, may give the holy consecration of a true feeling for Art to the rapidly developing people of America.

Musical Correspondence.

From NEW YORK.

JUNE 20.—All the newspapers will tell you that our fair young prima donna, Miss HENSLEY, has had a brilliant success at the Academy of Music.

And you will not be sorry, perhaps, to have the assurance of a private citizen of the parquette that in this particular instance the newspapers have told the truth.

Miss Hensley's success was an honest, handsome and satisfactory success—a success highly gratifying to all her friends, and full of encouragement for herself. The traditional New York dislike of things and people Bostonian, seems to have been suspended in her favor, and I have rarely witnessed a more demonstrative and hearty audience. They rained roses, and thundered applause. And (which was more satisfactory) they looked admiringly and listened approvingly. The house was perhaps not quite full, but like Charles Lamb in the omnibus, each individual seemed to be "full" of good will and satisfaction.

The choice of the opera was very judicious, the music of *Linda* giving good scope to the peculiar charms, the freshness, delicacy and sweetness of the debutante's voice, while it offers but few of those temptations to florid and ambitious display, from

which a young singer is apt to take harm. In such a case as that of Miss Hensley, a debut is to be judged with reference to the future; it is the blossom and not the fruit that we go to see, and those who took an interest in the fair lady's fate hoped to find in the performances of Saturday night assurance of long seasons of delight to come. This assurance they found. The very faults of Miss Hensley's inexperience were recommendations, and I am sure that no competent person could have listened to her *Linda*, without being convinced that she lacks no quality essential to the rank she aspires to hold on the lyric stage.

You will hear her in concert, and will be delighted with her voice and method. But as I know you agree with me that the legitimate triumphs of vocal music belong to the Opera and the Oratorio, you will reserve your best satisfaction in the return of an accomplished countrywoman, till you can see her fairly installed in the constellation of that "Opera of the Future," which is destined, I hope, to shed its benignant influences upon us for season after season yet to come.

I heard Miss Hensley again last night, at MARETZK's benefit, when she was good enough to lend her sweet aid to the ovation of the unlucky, cross-grained and energetic ex-impresario. I say nothing of last evening, for I listened not critically, but comfortably, to Miss H., after being exhausted and obfuscated with a pot-pourri consisting of

Masaniello, 3 acts.

Le Prophète, 1 scene.

Don Bucephalo, 1 scene.

I always enjoy *Masaniello*, and BRIGNOLI sang well. But the audience was as confusing as the performance. One's sentiments were painfully wrought upon by the way in which the people cheered the smoke-pipe and hot lava of old Vesuvius, whistled for the curtain to rise, shrieked cat-calls at the supernumeraries, and did so many other things unsuitable to an operatic house, that I dare say peanuts were eaten in the galleries. No man knows better than yourself the importance of "atmosphere," and you will easily understand my unwillingness to venture any observations on such an evening.

I may mention as a crowning indication of the odd nature of the assemblage, that Marezek, the beneficiary, was not called out at all.

The people had sense enough, however, to honor the Signorina Elise, and she looked, sang, and acted much better than such a house deserved.

I think that I shall try to drag myself to Niblo's to hear BALFE's "Daughter of St. Mark," or rather to see the same, and if you wish, will "drop you a line" apropos thereof.

Faithfully yours, X

JUNE 21.—On Wednesday last the Academy troupe produced "Tell," and never did they play it better. The orchestra gave us the overture in a perfectly exquisite manner, and all the singers, solo and chorus, afterwards did their best. I have got to like the overture and two first acts so well, from frequent hearing, that to part for them for some time, at least, makes me quite sad.

On Friday evening the house was about as full as it could be, and then there were several hundreds of the *genus homo* crowded in besides. The occasion was the benefit of the New York favorite, VESTALI. Of the third act of *Rigoletto* the least said the better. The next piece on the programme (in order to continue the horrors) was the third act of "Romeo and Juliet," composed for Mme. MALIBRAN by VACCAI. It seems Mme. M. was not contented with BELLINI's last act, and therefore procured this. Vestali did well in the poor music, but STEFFANONE was rather too large and old for Juliet. To show you with what poetical genius the argument in the programme was written, I enclose it:

ACT III.

Romeo enters, with chorus, and desires the tomb of Juliet to be opened. He expresses his anguish, "Dearest of my heart, look down upon the grief of thy fond and faithful love." Romeo takes poison, when Juliet suddenly recovers. "What, know you not my death was feigned," She cries. Romeo dies lamenting.

Is not this beautiful? Note the wonderful climax at which the unknown poet arrives in those grand words, "She cries!" 'Tis strange, but Steffanone did not cry.

The performances closed with the second and fourth acts of *Trovatore*, or rather they closed with a speech from Miss Vestali, as our New York papers insist upon entitling her.

On Saturday evening Miss HENSLEY made her debut in *Linda*. On account of a heavy rain the house was not crowded, but the attendance was very fair nevertheless. Miss H. was at first a little timid, but soon took courage and pleased exceedingly.—She is very young yet, and when her acting has become more perfect by practice, and her voice more full and developed, she will be a very valuable acquisition to the lyric stage. And even as it is she is a very pleasant singer, and in a girlish part like that of *Linda* does very well indeed. She was enthusiastically received, and at the close of the first act obtained a perfect shower of bouquets. She has made a very good impression upon us New Yorkers, and we look forward to her future career with much pleasure. Rocco made a capital Marquis, BRIGNOLI a fine De Sirval, BADIALI an excellent Antonio (he could not have been better either in the making up, acting or singing), and Vestali a very charming Pierotto.

On Monday evening the benefit of "our Max" came off. First we had the three acts of *Masaniello*, which you had in Boston two weeks before. The notice of that performance in your last will do for this. I enjoyed it very much, all but the dancing. Then followed a scene from the *Prophète*, introducing the beggar song, by Mme. D'ORMY. It was well given. Sig. Rocco then gave us most capitally a most capital buffo scene, from the opera of *Don Bucephalo*, composed by himself, representing a young composer at the rehearsal of his opera. I have seldom laughed more heartily in the same space of time.—The performances closed with the second act of *Linda*. Miss HENSLEY did even better than on Saturday.

This was the last night of the performances of the regular troupe, and at the close, those initiated adjourned to the operatic "bier-kneipe" in 3d Avenue, where pretty soon about the whole Teutonic portion of the troupe and their friends (including many Yankees) were assembled. Even the policeman, detailed at the Academy, came. I heard a gentleman ask him if he understood German: "No sir," he answered, "but I understand what *lager-bier* means."

From this "house of the muses" we proceeded to the residence of Mr. PHALEN in 14th street, to whom the orchestra brought a fine serenade. The same was then done to Miss HENSLEY, at the Everett House, Mr. COIT, (the other manager,) in 8th street, STEFFANONE, in Houston street, and MAX, in 4th street. And then, it being half past two o'clock, I left them about to proceed again to the "house of the muses," and I think it likely that they didn't "go home till morning."

And now I must briefly express my thanks to the whole troupe, from Messrs. Phalen and Coit down to the lowest call-boy, inclusive, for the pleasure they have given me this winter, and, to be less selfish, for what they have done for the establishment of opera in this city, and for doing away with the "star" system. I only hope that our next season may be as good as this. The task of manager is a hard one, much labor and often much loss. But if Messrs. P. & C. will undertake the Academy again next winter, they will have some experience, and be able to get along with less trouble than this year. Let them

keep "Max," and get rid of "naughty Harry," and they will do well.

To-morrow evening the Lagrange troupe open at the Academy, with *Norma*. I understand that we are to have *Don Giovanni* before long, with LAGRANGE as Zerlina. Who are to sing the other two female parts is unknown. Rumors are yet rife of an addition to the present troupe of some from the late "regular" one, and the production of the *Prophete*.

At Niblo's, BALFE's opera of *The Daughter of St. Mark*, was produced on Monday, with, as all the papers concur in saying, a most miserable lack of the requisite splendor. And I can believe it, for in the poverty of its decorations, etc., Niblo's is only excelled by Burton's.

Last night was a rainy one, and consequently but a poor audience assembled to hear the "Daughter of the Regiment," at Wallack's. The orchestra was a very good one, and D'ORMY made a capital Marie. Next week *Fidelio* is to be produced, with D'Ormy in the title rôle. The orchestral part of the performance will no doubt be good; of the rest I am not quite so sure. R.

Musical Chat-Chat.

"Come," said a respectable old Boston merchant to a young amateur pianist, who was visiting his family one evening, "Come, can't you play us a bit of a *fu-gée* for my little daughter to dance by?" Not so impossible, after all; for only a few nights after laughing at the story, we happened in at about the middle of one of the ballets of the Ravel Family, when verily as one of the principal danseuses began to cut her pigeon wings, the orchestra began scratching through an antique sounding fugue. Why not, since nearly all the modern forms of melody were originally associated with certain dances?

Among other things to be sung at the great festival of the German Männerchöre next week in New York, is the scene from the second act of "William Tell," that of the gathering and oath of the three cantons. It is said that about a thousand male voices will take part in it, the nucleus of whom have been sometime rehearsing it under the direction of CARL BERGMANN.... The original GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY, with the exception of two or three members, will meet, in July, at Newport for the summer season. We hear they propose giving a series of concerts in the autumn.

It is well said by the London *Times*, and might be said as truly in New York or Boston as in London: "If half the care lavished on *Il Trovatore* were bestowed on *Don Giovanni*, at least a dozen overflowing audiences might be counted on in the progress of the season. Will directors never be persuaded that in a musical theatre the first essential is the general completeness of the musical performances? Why not, for once, in the absence of attractive novelties, make a desperate effort, and present *Don Giovanni* as Mozart wrote it, with every scenic and histrionic accessory to render it perfect? No opera offers greater scope for the actor, the scene-painter, the decorator, and the singer—to say nothing of the beauty and variety of the music, which, up to the present time, remains unequalled."

PROFS. THUNDER, ROHR and CROUCH 'respectfully place before the musical community of Philadelphia and neighborhood, the result of a careful investigation by them for establishing a series of Sacred and Secular Concerts for the approaching season.' The number of concerts to be twelve, on alternate Tuesdays. Among the compositions to be brought out are Mendelssohn's "St. Paul;" Mozart's "Requiem;" Mehl's "Joseph" (as an oratorio); Romberg's Cantata: "Song of the Bell;" "The Morning," by Ries; Locke's "Macbeth" music; and a

series of ancient Madrigals of the 15th and 16th centuries. The professors pledge their professional standing, &c., for "fidelity of authorship" as well as artistic rendering.... The "Salem Choral Society" recently gave a very pleasant musical soirée to a large number of invited friends; the first part of the programme consisting of vocal solos, quartets, quintets, &c., and the second of choruses, with orchestral accompaniments. The society is composed of some eighty of the young singers of Salem, besides an orchestra of eighteen performers, all under the able directorship of Mr. MANUEL FENOLLOSA. It has been in operation only about three months, having been organized by the originators and leaders of the old "Salem Academy of Music," after that was revolutionized by Know Nothing influences. The Choral Society have been practising Mozart's 12th Mass.

MRS. JAMESON, in her *Common-Place Book* says: "Talking once with Adelaide Kemble, after she had been singing in the *Figaro*, she compared the music to the bosom of a full-blown rose in its voluptuous, intoxicating richness. I said that some of Mozart's melodies seemed to me not so much composed, but found—found on some sunny day in Arcadia, among nymphs and flowers. "Yes," she replied, with ready and felicitous expression, "not inventions, but existences."... The same genial authoress relates that, old George the Third, in his blindness and madness, once insisted on making the selection of pieces for the concert of ancient music, (May, 1811)—it was soon after the death of Princess Amelia. "The programme included some of the finest passages in Handel's 'Sampson,' descriptive of blindness; the 'Lamentations of Jephtha' for his daughter; Purcell's 'Mad Tom,' and closed with 'God save the King,' to make sure the application of all that went before."

Paris papers report the marriage of Mlle. WILHELMINA CLAUS, the celebrated pianist, to M. FREDERIC SZARVADY, formerly secretary to the Hungarian embassy at Paris, and feuilletonist of the *Gazette de Cologne*.... M. DELPHAT, the oldest instrumental musician, as M. DARIUS was the oldest singer, in France, lately died at Lyons, at the age of ninety-nine years and three hundred days. He was projector of the first "monster concert" in France, which took place in 1791, as part of the funeral honors paid to the officers who were killed at Nancy. Then, under the direction of M. Delphat, the overture to *Demophon*, by Vogel, was executed by 1,200 wind instruments, accompanied by twelve tam-tams. A flute of honor was decreed to him by the city of Nancy, which, on his death-bed the old man begged to have placed in his coffin.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Signale* (Leipzig) thus reports a couple of criminal cases that have come before the tribunal of good taste there: "The first offender is of the female sex; name *Traviata*; father, Verdi; mother Neo-Italia; occupation nameless, see *Dame aux Camelias*; crime: exciting of public discontent through tediousness. The second offender is called *Marco Visconti*; father, Petrella; mother, Neo-Italia; occupation: murder and assassination; crime: qualified theft in the third degree and concealment of a mess of borrowed trifles; and on the second count, excitement of discontent through tediousness." Verdi, he says, is a Titan to Petrella!

At the Rhine Musical Festival at Düsseldorf, on the 27th, 28th and 29th of May, Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT was to sing some Mazurkas of CHOPIN(!) besides arias from the *Zauberflöte*, and *Beatrice di Tenda*. FERDINAND HILLER was to conduct. It is also stated that Mme. Goldschmidt will sing three nights in Paris after the festival.

LISZT has lately attended a performance of an *Ave Maria* of his own composition in the Catholic

church at Leipzig.... THALBERG's opera, "Christina of Sweden," was to be brought out at Vienna on the 26th of May.

HALEVY's new opera, *Jugurita*, has met with great success at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris; the favorite singer, Mme. CABEL, surpassed herself in it.

A German paper relates the following of ROSSINI's journey to Paris. He arrived at Aix from Nizza without stopping at Marseilles; his numerous admirers in that city had prepared him an ovation, which he was obliged to decline, his disease, as it is well known, consisting in the most extreme nervous irritability. Arrived at Aix, and weary of the long journey, he resolved to take the rail-road to Paris. He was taken in his carriage to the village of Rognac, through which the rail-road passes from Marseilles to Paris. No sooner had he reached Rognac than the train approached; he saw far off the smoke of the locomotive, and heard the rumbling and screaming of the steam whistle. He grew deadly pale, a violent tremor seized his whole body, he was in a state of the greatest excitement, and under this feverish influence he ordered the postillion to drive back to Aix. There he changed horses, and resolved to go to Paris in his carriage by short stages. The few persons who had the fortune to see the famous maestro, give sad descriptions of his shattered and melancholy appearance.... We read also of a still more curious instance of his nervous terror in Paris. Being invited to go to the Grand Opera, the scene of his triumphs, he refused from pure dread of meeting his own statue, which stands in the vestibule!

Mme. STEFFANONE (or Steffenone, as it has lately become the fashion to spell it,) sailed this week in the *Africa*, for Europe, intending to lead henceforth a private life in Italy.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1855.

Crawford's Statue of Beethoven.

Decidedly the great event in this our corner of the world of Art just now, (at a time, too, when we are otherwise quite rich in artistic novelties), is the arrival of this glorious statue of the great composer, who more than any other has stirred the deepest chords of musical feeling in the hearts of this community. It stands there in the Sculpture gallery of the Athenæum, where it daily draws delighted crowds of reverent admirers. We may truly say that we have never seen any work of Art call forth so much emotion among the bystanders. Eyes grow moist, strangers cannot seem content to be strangers in its presence, and people go from it excited as they go from listening to the Fifth Symphony, the "Leonora" overture, or the *Eroica*. For ourself, speaking as one whose life has been pretty thoroughly steeped for some years in the music of the master, we want words to express the satisfaction that we feel in CRAWFORD's work. It is the BEETHOVEN of the Symphonies and the Sonatas, whether it follow the best actual portrait or not; it is modelled after the living, personal form and features that glow through all his music (which is his truest life), if it be not a literal likeness of the man as at any given age he walked the street. But it conforms to both; it is at once ideally and literally, physically true, so far as men have now the means of judging. Germany has sanctioned it with joy and pride; and verily the sculptor may feel happy in a rare success, in that, while

winning American gratitude by his Washington, he has also touched the Germans in the person of their great man.

The statue is colossal, seven feet in height. The material, the Munich bronze, is beautiful, much lighter than the common bronze, of a rich yellow, almost golden color; and it is well relieved, on a green pedestal, against a background of green, as it was at the Munich festival.

The whole figure is in the highest degree majestic and imposing; it lifts the thoughts upward; it stands aloof from all the trivial fancies, affectations, fashions of the hour, a thousand times more real than them all. There is the stamp of the absolute upon it, allying it with all things great and enduring, and it is worthy to keep company in that room with the "Day and Night", the colossal head of Juno, and the Apollo Belvidere. The composer stands with head erect, earnest, straight-forward look, the body quiet, the face indicative of intense mental action, the hands dropped loosely crossed before him, the left hand grasps the score of the just completed "Choral Symphony," and over it the right hand holds a pen. His dress is plain and historical, the open neck, the coat buttoned, the substantial German boots, &c., all in keeping, and the whole figure enveloped in a large cloak, thrown over the right shoulder, whose folds the sculptor has disposed with admirable grace and largeness of effect, enhanced by the fine hue and texture of the bronze. Upon the music sheets which he holds he introduces in the symphony, with the words from SCHILLER's Hymn to Joy:



"Joy, bright spark of Deity, daughter of Elysium," &c., &c. And what seems a happy point in the selection, whether the artist so designed it or not, the strain is not here quoted as it is first introduced in the symphony in its most simple form, which is in a sort of reciting four-four rhythm, but as it is reproduced afterwards in a more excited lyrical moment of the composition, where it is caught up as it were and moves on tip-toe in the six-eight rhythm. For it was the happy and the bold design of the artist to represent Beethoven in the fulness of his genius, at the most triumphant height and climax of his artistic striving, when he realized the ideal to which his great faculties and passions had been so devoutly and severely consecrated, and, seizing upon its text in Schiller's ode, he sang of Joy and the embrace of myriads.

It is this that justifies the whole treatment of the subject and explains whatever has been questioned. The face to many appears young, at least for that period of his life. But it is the character, the genius, the ever-living portion of him that is there. It is the ideal Beethoven, made to appear, as all men do who are inspired, of no age. Some say, he does not look savage enough; there is not the absent, wild, dishevelled look, which we see in most of the portraits; the deep lines of suffering and disease, the prematurely aged look, are softened down, and there is more of the air of health and strength than we have been wont to see portrayed. So there is and so there should be; for the portraits naturally have exaggerated his peculiarities, or daguerreo-

typed and fixed the casual look of single moments. Beethoven was the great sufferer, the rapt and inward seer, the proud, uncompromising foe of life's frivolities and shams; he was deaf and he was harsh at times. But the artist's triumph was his no less than the struggle; his music is all full of both, and every work a victory; love and sweetness were the basis of his nature, and gushed out in spontaneous melodies sweeter than any other man has written, if we except MOZART; and it was fit that he should wear the everlasting young Apollo look of genius. All this the statue has, while in the face and head you recognize all that is vital, all that ever seemed quite real, in all the other busts and portraits. There are the compressed lips, and the deep lines about the mouth; there are the swelling veins about the temples; there is the searching, inward gazing eye, the beetling mass of forehead, delicately intellectual at the same time, with the well pronounced ridge on the corners, which the phrenologists call Tune, and above and behind all the grand cloud of hair, altogether making one of the noblest and most effective subjects for a sculptor. It is one thing to catch him in Punch's or Kladeradatsch's diorama some day, as he saunters in the street, and another thing to see him in the full glorifying sunlight of his own great music.

So has the artist modelled him, and so may we hope literally to see him, when the statue shall be erected in the fitting place for which the liberal first suggester and present owner destines it, in our noble Boston Music Hall. This will be done with all due ceremony in the autumn, marking an era with the opening of our next musical season. The thoughts above expressed, if a correct key to the artist's design, ought, as it seems to us, to settle the yet mooted question as to the precise locality for the statue in the hall. It ought to stand upon the stage, in the middle of the arch that now screens the temporary organ, facing the audience, reared upon a pedestal above and behind all the musicians, so that we shall see it through the grand music to which we shall sit there listening. When a permanent organ, worthy of the place, shall be set up, the statue in the same position may be easily built into its front.

Meanwhile it is a proud day for music-loving Boston to become the possessor and abiding place of such a work of Art; and our thanks are due to Mr. Perkins, of the Sculptor, to the directors of the Royal Bronze Foundry in Munich, which is really an artistic institution, to the founders of the Music Hall, to those who first taught Boston to love Beethoven, and to all who have helped to prepare this triumph. That we do not over-estimate its artistic importance is proved by the elevated enthusiasm shown by German artists and Art-lovers in Munich, upon formally taking leave of it, and affectionately consigning it to their younger brothers in Beethoven of the New World. This is the Beethoven whom Germany accepts and feels; and those into whose soul Beethoven's music has most deeply, truly penetrated, are those who will most deeply feel the truthfulness of Crawford's statue.

A friend has placed in our hands a translation of the programme, and the prologue that was recited at the Munich festival, and with these we may fitly conclude this perhaps too long article. It will be observed that the translation is strictly literal, making no attempt to reproduce either

rhyme or rhythm; but the nobility and appositeness of the thoughts, in themselves, make them interesting, even without the music of the verse.

PROGRAMME
Of the Memorial Festival in honor of BEETHOVEN,
Munich, March 26th, 1855.

PART I.

1. Festival Overture in C.
2. Prologue.
3. Elegiac Song, (Orchestra and Chorus.)
4. Trio from "Fidelio."
5. Offering Song: Solo Voice and Chorus.
6. March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens."

PART II.
Eroica Symphony.

PROLOGUE.

[Written by F. DINGELSTADT. — Spoken by Mlle. DAMBOECK.]

Ye, by a death and resurrection Feast
Assembled here, in Art's adorned abode,
GERMANIA greets, of a rare day the witnesses,
Day which beheld her Greatest die and rise again.

Often with heavy heart on the sea-shore I sat
Like a new Niobe, weeping my lost children,
As sons and daughters wandered gladly towards the West,
Like birds that migrate, unrestrainable, exulting to depart.

Thus from the Mother heart her health and blood, like veins,
The German streams, with stolen flow, unceasing drew.
See how the banner, rich in German stars,
Beyond the Atlantic, where the sun sinks, floats.

Sadly I saw them disappear; but one—that one—
Ocean-spanning Colossus, gladly I see go forth
In triumph, bridge-like 'twixt Germany and America thrown.
Give, O Sea! your gentlest dolphin, Arion-like to bear him!

Once more, wonderingly, before he goes, behold him;
Yes, such he was, strong, firm and iron, every tone a man,
On the arched brow the stamp of a strong nature is impest;
That brow cloud-freighted, that eye of lightning flash!

Those lips spoke seldom, but their sound was song;
Those ears, all deaf to earth, heard but the music of the
spheres;

That heart, like granite rock, enclosed a stream
Of ever-flowing freshness, deep-rushing, dark and dreamy.

Great image of the greatest master, with reverence we inaugurate thee;

Stand as he did, beyond the reach of space or time,
Amid the New World's oaks, and giant streams, thy equals,
Pillars of God's great Temple, take thy place!

There, where one nation formed of nations, makes of a continent its State,

Where land unmeasured still grows green and waters gleam;
Where with united heart, strongly into boundless space
A young manhood rises, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of the old:—

There, in the dawn of new arts, the birth of new tongues,
Amid the chaos of new spirits, significant, to stand;
To us a mark of the attained goal, to them who follow after
A beacon, surely guiding, thro' the storm, and night and wind.

When a beam of that young sun shines upon thee,
Then Memnon-like sound forth, as in this hall to-day,
Blaze out, thou spark of Deity, bright light, shine forth;
Sound loud the triumph of devoted love, Fidelio!

[The trumpet passage from the second act of "Fidelio" was here introduced.]

Hark! a mightier echo wakes from North and South,
Than your volcano thunders, your Niagara's fall;
And, as when Orpheus played, the beasts attend,
As before Amphion, stones do dance, at such a song.

And do not home-bells ring, and Christmas sounds return,
To million German hearts far scattered o'er the land?
See how they meet, how speechless stand,
Turn'd towards the West each eye, and none without a tear.

Yes, it is he, our Artist-king, who cradled by the Rhine,
Did in Vienna find, a life-span since, his cold and darksome grave.

Go, and declare, thou iron shade, tell it beyond the sea,
Truly he is arisen, and among us lifelike stands.

To brothers and to strangers tell, upon that distant shore,
By that same German land, as bond and herald thou art sent,
That Germany which, with priestly fire, and warriors' blood,
And peasants' toil has christened every land.

Though in the council-hall of nations, by the stern decree of Fate,

Torn and dismembered, silent, Germany must stand,
Say, that one thing sustains her, that her Art and Science give

Hope, trust and unity amid her woes.

These, mid the storms of every time and age,
Span with their rainbow arch both sea and lands;
In Cultivation's dawn, on tracks of bloody War,
They come with Culture's light, with palm of Peace.

Rejoice that in our royal house, in the Bavarian land,
A haven they have found, from wear, and storm and time;
'Tis this the Statue tells us, and with grateful hearts,
That Munich gave it us, let all who see, declare.

CONCERTS.

THE LAGRANGE TROUPE left our public with an appetite. The third and last concert in the Music Hall, on Friday evening of last week, showed no abatement of enthusiasm. It was so essentially like the first two, that it offers little to remark upon.—Mme. LAGRANGE was hardly in as clear voice as usual, and labored a little in the beginning of the air from "Lucia": *Spargi d'amaro pianto*; still she sang it with exquisite grace, and her voice sufficed in the main for rich, large expression, as well as for those fine, delicately gleaming passages in the highest notes in which she never fails of purity. The brilliant waltz, of her own, afforded a new chance for her wonderful display of instrumental vocalization; and we were glad again to hear that wild and pensive Hungarian melody, in which her voice perfectly takes the peculiar and very various color of its sentiment. To us it seems the most individual and charming flower of all her melodies. We were never much interested in mere vocal instrumentation; but in Mme. LAGRANGE it seems a thing of nature and of character, and not mere studied artifice.

In the humorous duet from *L'Elisir*, and in the trio from *Lucrezia* and the quartet from *Lucia*, her voice told admirably, and she was ably seconded by other artists. Sig. MORELLI sang *Vi ravviso* with his usual quiet and manly artistic grace and completeness. MIRATE sang a *romanza* by Mercadante, another from Verdi's *Louisa Miller*, in the same large, robust voice and style, which takes young Boston and young Italy right off its feet, and when recalled again indulged them in the height of ecstasies by repeating his crack piece, the air from *Don Sebastian*. He surely has a noble voice and sings with energy and great abandon; but is not, as an artist, as a medium of pure musical expression, to be named with MARIO, in spite of our inflammable young friends. It is a very common thing for loud tones in a tenor, especially when accompanied with good looks, to be mistaken for feeling; and the danger of Mirate seems to lie in pure physical overdoing of the thing.

The orchestra, under ARDITI, played a rather learned and classically constructed overture by BORTESINI, and the *Freysschutz* overture again, remarkably well.

Miss ELISE HENSLER, on her return from Italy, greets her musical friends with the announcement of a concert in the Music Hall next Tuesday evening. She will of course meet with the warmest welcome, and we anticipate a lively pleasure in realizing with our own ears, the good reports of her success in Milan and at her recent debut in New York. We only regret that we also may not hear her in an opera. We give to-day two letters from our correspondents, as well as extracts from the New York papers, showing the good impression made by her debut. From private sources, on which we fully rely, we learn that the papers rather under than overstate her success. Especially are we told that she shows far more dramatic talent than the *Times* gives her credit for.

MME. LAGRANGE in "NORMA."—A single operatic performance was vouchsafed by these admirable singers on Monday night. The Boston Theatre was quite well filled, although it would be impossible to find two pieces more hacknied than *Norma* and the last scene of *Lucia*.

Yet after VERDI, the first strains of even *Norma* were somewhat refreshing, and not until it came to the long, tedious "middle passage," the Adalgisa sugary duet business, did our patience give out. It was worth while to go, simply to hear Mme. LAGRANGE in *Casta Diva*. Never before, with the single exception of Mme. GOLDSCHMIDT, have we heard it sung nearly so well. The lofty, remote, spiritual character, which the priestess wore in her impersonation, was quite striking. Her holding out of that exquisitely pure, silvery highest note at the end of the recitative upon the altar, was marvelous. In the slow movement of *Casta Diva*, which she sang mostly in a subdued, supplicatory, and religious tone, there was rare perfection of phrasing, and a really spiritual fineness of expression: and the rapturous quick movement following was given with a dazzling brilliancy of execution which no one before has equalled. Dramatically, altogether her *Norma* was a very high performance; but when it came to the denunciation of Pollio, we were fully confirmed in our old feeling that it was best to let *Norma* end with GRISI. What Grisi did not do—sing the only great music in the opera—Lagrange did, and wonderfully well.

Pollio is an ungracious part, and MIRATE's large voice, so far as we heard, did not redeem its dullness. MORELLI was a fine Oroveso; and Mme. SIEDEBURG a sweet but feeble Adalgisa.—We did not witness Mirate's death-scene of Edgardo, for which he of course reserved his best strength, but learn that it fulfilled every expectation.

Music Abroad.

Germany.

LEIPSIK.—Our Gewandhaus concerts are over; the quartet *soirées* are at an end; and the Stadt Theatre is to be closed on the 1st of June for three months. The closing of the theatre is a fact hitherto unprecedented, and creates no little sensation. Not only the artists, whose salary will be suspended, but the public are evidently discontented. Of late we have had no lack of operas, and even *Tannhäuser* has been given twice, to the no small satisfaction of the Wagnerians. But the performance was not very successful, partly owing to the *Tannhäuser* (Herr Eppic) and the Elizabeth (Mlle. Uhrlaub)—both from Hamburg, and both very bad—and partly from want of rehearsals.

Herr Mitterwürtzer, from Dresden, has been performing here with success, and was greatly admired as Hans Heiling, in Marschner's opera of that name. Mlle. Tiejens, from Vienna, has appeared in *Oberon*, *Die Hugenotten*, and other operas. She is a great favorite. Herr Beck, from Vienna, has also been very successful in Kreutzer's opera, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, which has drawn crowded houses. He is the best baritone in Germany. The new opera, *Der Erbe von Hohenheim*, music by Hauser, was produced on the 18th inst. to a full house in aid of the "Theatre Pensions-Fonds." The libretto, by Herr Emile Devrient, contains nothing interesting.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., Liszt came here and conducted his new mass, at the Catholic Church, for four men's voices, with organ accompaniment. I am happy to be able to inform you that Robert Schumann is in a fair way of recovery from his long and severe illness. The last accounts we heard of him were that he has again begun to read and write, and play the piano. He is very fond of playing duets with friends. His memory does not seem impaired by sickness, and strong hopes are now entertained of his speedy restoration to health.—*Corr. London Mus. World*.

COLOGNE.—The *Männergesangsverein* gave their last concert of the season on the 15th April. The whole of the first part was occupied by *Rinaldo*, a cantata for solo, quartet, chorus, and orchestra, composed by Herr Max Bruch, a pupil of Ferdinand Hiller, and who for the last three years has held the Mozart Scholarship in Frankfurt. This was performed for the first time; and in the absence of an orchestra, the accompaniment, arranged for two pianofortes was played by the composer and Herr Breunung. *Rinaldo* is a composition of considerable freshness. It would be well if the society would study a few more such compositions, instead of overwhelming us with *Ständchen* and *Volkslieder*. The second part was made up entirely of such *insipidities*, excepting a violin solo, by Herr M. Pixis (Variations of *Vieuxtemps*) and Mendelssohn's *Liebe und Wein*, compared to which all the others were as "water to wine." The thirty seceders, with the addition of some others, have formed a new Society (*Sängerbund*), under the direction of Herr Küpper.

At the last *soirée* for chamber-music, besides Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat, and Beethoven's quartet in E flat, Op. 74, a trio for violin, pianoforte, and violoncello, by W. Niels Gade, Op. 29, was introduced. It is entitled *Novelletten*, and consists of five distinct pieces, good enough to atone for the affectation of the title. Hiller played a sonata of his own—a masterly composition. Carl Reinthaler's oratorio, *Jephthah und seine Tochter* (MS.) was performed for the first time complete in Elberfeld, under the direction of the composer, on the 6th April. Herr Reinthaler is the son of a Protestant clergyman, and was himself intended for the ministry, but Heaven seems to have willed that he shall edify the people

by his music rather than by his preaching. The oratorio contains many beauties, the choruses especially: the whole is cleverly instrumented. The composer conducted with energy, and at the conclusion, amid the plaudits of the audience, the blowing of trumpets and the beating of drums, was crowned by "fair hands."—*Corr. Lon. Mus. World*.

Advertisements.

A Complimentary Concert

FOR THE BENEFIT OF
MISS ELISE HENSLER,
WILL BE GIVEN AT THE
BOSTON MUSIC HALL,
On Tuesday Evening next, June 26th,
Commencing at 8 o'clock.

On this occasion Miss Hensler will be assisted by
Mr. HARRISON MILLARD, and
Mr. GUSTAV SATTER,
Who have generously offered their services.

Tickets at Fifty cents each are for sale at Wade's, Richardson's, Ditson's, and Reed's music stores.

Recently Published by OLIVER DITSON:

THE GERMANIA: A Collection of Operatic Airs, Marches, Quicksteps, Polkas, Waltzes, Dances, &c. Arranged for the use of small Brass Bands, of four, five, or six instruments. By B. A. Burditt. \$1.00.

THE FLUTINA: A Collection of Select Music arranged for the Accordeon and Flutina, including many popular Songs, with words appended. Price 50 cents.

DITSON'S SELECT BRASS BAND MUSIC, for fourteen instruments, (can be used for a less number of instruments if desirable) in two E flat Cornets; three B flat Cornets; two E flat Altos; two B flat Baritone; one B flat Brass Tuba or Ophicleide; one E flat or F Brass Tuba; Bass Drum; Cymbals, and Side Drum. Arranged by B. A. Burditt. Printed on cards. Price per set \$1.00.

Sold by all Music Dealers.

NEW COURSE OF HARMONY, BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

The Publishers call the attention of the musical profession to this work, as one eminently calculated to lighten the labors of the teacher, and rapidly advance the pupil. It is emphatically a PRACTICAL work, serving both as a Manual of instruction on the one hand, and a Text-book on the other; and it is believed that the peculiar arrangement of the work, together with the very large number of exercises and examples, presents great advantages, to both scholar and teacher, over any similar work of the kind. Teachers highly commend the work. Mr. WILLIAM MASON says it is a work unsurpassed in the language. Mr. GEORGE J. WEBB says that it is a work perspicuous in diction, methodical in arrangement, and sufficiently copious to embrace all the essentials of the general doctrine of accord. It can be ordered through any respectable Music-seller, and will be sent through the mail on the receipt of the price, (\$1.75,) postage prepaid.

GEO. P. REED & CO., Publishers,
13 Tremont St. Boston.

B. D. ALLEN desires a situation as Organist in some church in Boston. Address Box 180, Worcester, Mass.
REFERENCES—Sumner Hill, E. Hamilton, J. H. Wilcox, Esqs.

OTTO DRESEL

Gives Instruction on the piano, and may be addressed at the REVERE HOUSE. Terms:—\$50 per quarter of 24 lessons, two a week; \$30 per quarter of 12 lessons, one a week.

WILLIAM BERGER,
Publisher and Importer of Music,
No. 82 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.

KEEPS constantly on hand a Large and Select Stock of IMPORTED MUSIC, for sale at Eastern prices. New Music received by Steamer as soon as published. A liberal discount granted to Teachers. All orders promptly attended to. Music arranged to order.

Catalogues sent gratis by mail.

Aug 26

F. F. MÜLLER,

DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AND ORGANIST at the Old South Church; Organist and Pianist of the Handel & Haydn Society, Musical Education Society, &c. &c.
Residence, No. 3 Winter Place, Boston.

CARL GÄRTNER, TEACHER OF MUSIC,

May be found at No. 20 Dover Street, every forenoon between 9 and 10. Oc 14

G. ANDRÉ & CO.'S

Depot of Foreign and Domestic Music,
19 S. NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,
(East side), PHILADELPHIA.

A catalogue of our stock of Foreign Music, and of our own Publications, has just been published. Music and Music Books imported to order, as heretofore, from Germany, Italy, France and England.

NOVELLO'S LIBRARY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE.

VOL. I. NOW READY.

ALBRECHTSBERGER'S collected Writings on THOROUGH-BASS, HARMONY, and COMPOSITION, for Self-Instruction. Translated by SABILLA NOVELLO, from the original German. The musical examples revised by VINCENT NOVELLO. [Former price, 42s.] Vol. I., Harmony and Thorough-Bass, 88 cts. by mail 94. Vols. II. and III., Guide to Composition, each 88 cts. by mail 94.

V.

CATEL'S TREATISE ON HARMONY. Translated by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, from the original French. [Former price, \$3 75.] In paper wrapper 63 cts. by mail 67.

IV.

MOZART'S SUCCINCT THOROUGH-BASS SCHOOL. Translated from the German, by SABILLA NOVELLO. The musical examples revised by JOSHUA PITTMAN. [Former price \$1 75.] In paper wrapper 21 cts. by mail 23.

III.

FETIS' TREATISE ON CHOIR AND CHORUS SINGING. Translated from the French, by the Rev. THOMAS HELMERS, M. A. [Former price, 15 francs.] In paper wrapper 38 cts. by mail 41.

II.

MARK'S, DR., GENERAL MUSICAL INSTRUCTION. An aid to Teachers and Learners in every branch of Musical knowledge. Translated by GEORGE MACRONE, from the original German, expressly for Novello's Library for the Diffusion of Musical Knowledge. [Former price, \$3 75.] Bound in cloth, price \$1 63, by mail \$1 75.

* * Of this work five large editions have been printed in German, besides being reprinted in England. It comprehends minute explanations of every musical matter, from the simplest rudiments, through the various elaborations of rhythm, doctrine of tones, instruments, elementary and artistic forms of composition, artistic performance, and musical education in general.

I.

CHERUBINI'S TREATISE ON COUNTERPOINT AND FUGUE. Translated by Mrs. COWDEN CLARKE, from the original French. The musical portion has also been supervised by Mr. JOSHUA PITTMAN, Organist of Lincoln's Inn. [Former price, \$7 88.] Bound in cloth, price \$1 63, by mail \$1 75.

NOVELLO'S SACRED MUSIC WAREHOUSE,
389 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK,
And at 69 Dean street, Soho Square, and 24 Poultry, London.

JOHN SEWARD WRIGHT,
Pianist, Organist and Director of Music
AT THE MUSIC HALL, (Rev. THEODORE PARKER'S SOCIETY),
GIVES INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO.
Residence, 13 Avery Street.

CARL HAUSE,
PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,
OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. F. REED & Co. 17 Tremont Row.
REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 30 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 18.

THOMAS RYAN,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
RESIDENCE, No. 15 DIX PLACE.

B. D. ALLEN,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Letters directed care of Nathan Richardson, Esq. 282 Washington Street.
REFERENCES.—Otto Dressel, E. Hamilton, I. I. Harwood, Esqs.

L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
265 Washington Street, Boston.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

WAREHOUSES,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.
Apr 29

EDWARD L. BALCH,

SUPERIOR TO ALL. LIGITE, NEWTON & BRADBURY'S PIANOS.

NATHAN RICHARDSON
Would respectfully inform the public that he has taken the Agency for the New England States, for the sale of the above celebrated instruments, a full assortment of which will constantly be kept at his
MUSICAL EXCHANGE,
282 Washington Street, Boston.

These Instruments are warranted in all cases, and put up in secure boxes, free of expense, for transportation to any distance. Also, NEW MUSIC from all parts of Europe and America received as soon as published, which, together with our own publications, forms the largest stock and greatest variety of Sheet Music to be found in the United States. The most liberal discount made to the Trade and Seminaries. Catalogues sent to any address, gratis.—Superior MELODEONS always on hand.—PIANOS TO LET, on liberal terms.

MR. HARRISON MILLARD,
(TENORE,) **TEACHER OF ITALIAN VOCALIZATION,**
No. 6 Tyler St. Terms \$50 per quarter.

HEWES' PATENT AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE,
Manufactory, 379 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL MUSIC SCHOOL.
E. R. BLANCHARD, Teacher.

This School is designed for those who wish to acquire the ability to read music readily at sight, and is particularly adapted to the wants of those who desire to fit themselves to teach singing in schools, or to receive instruction, from the best masters, in the Cultivation of the Voice, Style, &c.
Address, care of Geo. J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter street.

MR. J. C. D. PARKER,
Will be happy to give instruction in Piano-forte and Organ playing, and the Theory of Music. Address:—No. 8 Hayward Place. May 28. 1f

MEYER & TRETBAR,
Importers and Publishers of Music,
BUFFALO, N. Y.
AGENTS for the Publishing House of G. M. MEYER, Jr. Brunswick.

If you wish to learn to play in the shortest time possible, buy
RICHARDSON'S MODERN SCHOOL FOR THE PIANO-FORTE,
which is acknowledged by the most eminent musicians of Europe and America to be the BEST Instruction Book that has ever been published.—Price Three Dollars.
Published at the MUSICAL EXCHANGE, Boston, and for sale at all Music Stores.

MR. J. Q. WETHERBEE,
VOCALIST,
(BASSO CANTANTE.)
No. 18 TREMONT TEMPLE, BOSTON.

J. TRENKLE,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.

C. BREUSING,
IMPORTER OF FOREIGN MUSIC,
701 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Dépôt of Erard's Grand Pianos.
CIRCULATING MUSICAL LIBRARY.
Constantly on hand a complete assortment of American Publications.

ADOLPH BAUMBACH,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.
Application can be made at Reed's Music-Store, or at the Norfolk House, Roxbury. Sept 9

L. O. EMERSON,
Teacher of the Piano-Forte, Organ, & Singing,
ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF MUSIC AT
BULFINCH STREET CHURCH.
Music Room under the Church. Residence, 12 Indiana Pl.
BOSTON.
Applications may also be made at Oliver Ditson's, 115 Washington St., to whom he is permitted to refer.

MUSIC AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

MODEL ORGAN-HARMONIUMS, MANUFACTURED BY MASON & HAMLIN.

THE Organ-Harmonium is an entirely new (patent) musical instrument of the reed species, having two manuals, or rows of keys, and eight stops, as follows:—1. Diapason; 2. Dulciana; 3. Principal; 4. Flute; 5. Bourdon; 6. Hautboy; 7. Expression; 8. Coupler. It is designed more especially for the use of churches, lecture-rooms, and other large public halls, having power nearly equal to a thousand dollar organ! It is also capable of many solo-effects, and has great variety in the property or quality of tone. It is especially adapted to the use of organ-teachers and students, being an admirable substitute for organ-practice. Examination from all interested is respectfully solicited.

Mason & Hamlin's Model Melodeons!

Recommended by the best musicians and organists in the country, (as superior to all others,) among whom we mention the following: Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, George F. Root, G. W. Morgan (late organist to the Harmonic Union, London), S. A. Bancroft, L. P. Homer, L. H. Southard, E. Bruce, etc. etc.

Prices from \$80 to \$175.

Circulars containing a full description of the Model Melodeons sent to any address, on application to the undersigned.

HENRY MASOY. MASON & HAMLIN,
EMMONS HAMLIN. } Cambridge St. (cor. of Charles,) Boston, Ms.

NEW AESTHETIC JOURNAL. THE CRAYON,

A Weekly Paper devoted to ART, offering itself to the attention of all who are interested in the elevating and refining influences of Beauty. Among the contributors to THE CRAYON already are BRANT, LOWELL, SPENCER, REMBRANDT PRAE, A. B. DURAND, President of the National Academy of Design, DANIEL HUNTINGTON, HENRY K. BROWN, and amongst those engaged are LONGFELLOW, BAYARD TAYLOR, GEO. W. CURTIS, REV. H. W. BEECHER, REV. SAMUEL OSOOD, REV. H. W. BELLORS, Hon. CHARLES SUMNER, and others of our most eminent writers. A series of papers by RUSKIN, and essays left by the eminent sculptor, HORATIO GREENOUGH, add to the interest of The Crayon.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

We have already strongly recommended THE CRAYON, and every succeeding number proves it to be more and more worthy of all we have said in its praise. No journal, devoted to Art, has ever been so ably conducted, in this country; and if it meets with the support it so richly deserves, we have no doubt that it will exert a most wholesome influence upon the taste of the country.

Published by STILLMAN & DURAND, No. 237 Broadway, New York. Terms, \$3 per annum, in advance. Back numbers supplied.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS,
IMPORTERS OF FOREIGN MUSIC,
HAY REMOVED TO
No. 769 BROADWAY, corner of Ninth St.
NEW YORK.

C. H. CLARKE,
TEACHER OF MUSIC, 259 Washington St.
RESIDENCE... 13 SHAWMUT STREET, BOSTON.

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE!
DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC,
A Paper of Art and Literature,
Published every Saturday, at 21 School St. Boston.
Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

During the three years since it was established, this Journal has met with continually increasing favor, and it entered upon its SEVENTH VOLUME with the number for Saturday, April 7th.

Its contents relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music. 3. Musical News from all parts. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral, Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, &c. 8. Original and Selected Poems, &c. Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Address (post-paid)

J. S. DWIGHT, 21 School St. Boston.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, per line..... 10 cts.
Each subsequent insertion, per line..... 5 cts.
For one column, (126 lines) first insertion..... \$12.00
do do each subsequent..... \$6.00
Special notices (headed), each insertion, per line 20 cts.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

No. 21 SCHOOL STREET.

